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Ferdinand Hiller on Wagnerism (1860).

(Continued from page 206.)

Having got so far, Wagner felt all manner of dissatisfaction with the Opera in general, and with the condition of the German operatic theatre. It is a melancholy truth, we Germans have no German Opera, although we have produced the greatest opera composers. Whether it be the still inveterate taste for what is foreign, or the want of any national feeling in the direction of our lyric theatre, or our small talent for dramatic production, the fact stands established. A Mozart, a Beethoven, a Weber furnished half a dozen German master-works—but a live self-developing Opera, founded on a genuine patriotic way of thinking and of feeling, such as not only Italy, but even France possesses in its *Opera Comique*, we lack entirely. Every *litterateur* who writes an opera text, every musician who composes music to it, if he does not borrow French or Italian forms, begins at the very bottom, so to say, with the whole structure of the work. That here and there in this way there springs up a creation of great originality, is as undeniable, as it is that isolated productions of this sort do not suffice to form a definite taste, or indeed any taste at all, and that the general public, in the confusion thus presented, finds nothing to take hold upon and lacks all means of forming an opinion.

A passionate artist nature like Wagner's must have been affected doubly disagreeably by these circumstances. As musical director in several theatres he was brought into the very midst of the difficulty, and compelled to busy himself even to the minutest detail with the most shallow, flimsy matter. What he says of it, so far as Germany is concerned, will certainly find most universal sympathy. Meanwhile these adverse impressions do not make him unsusceptible to single instances of beauty; many works of Spontini, of Weber, and altogether the performances of Schröder-Devrient, fill him with enthusiasm, and do not suffer him to lose sight of his ideal of a dramatico-musical Art work. The Greek tragedy, in its religious and poetic majesty, stands before his eyes; but he seeks in vain for a Athenian public in these days of ours. He gives his views about the connection of the politico-social and the artistic situation in a pamphlet entitled: "Art and the Revolution." One cannot fairly blame him for not confiding more of this to his French friend, writing as he does here in the midst of the imperial Paris.

To his speculations about the Greek theatre Wagner then adds the ideas which finally led him to prepare his best known writing (at least by its title): "The Art-work of the Future." He sees the decline of the Greek theatre chiefly in the striving of the Arts to maintain their validity as separate manifestations, instead of continuing united for the highest efficacy upon the stage. But had this union, to the extent

assured by Wagner, really existed in the Greek tragedy? Were the Propylæa a playhouse? Did Phidias work for Sophocles? Is the majesty of the Greek theatre anything more than one of the blossoms of the wonderful tree of Grecian culture? And did it not come to the ground, because an everlasting law ordains that even the most beautiful arises only to pass away again?

No matter! Wagner at all events is right when he ascribes a quite peculiar total effect to the coöperation of certain arts; and not the past alone, the present too, continually gives us proofs that the world has always been of that opinion. We adorn secular and religious buildings with the works of painting and of sculpture; we make music in the church; the most intimate union of poetry with music has been from the first beginnings of culture one of the wants of man. And the Opera—although, according to Wagner's expression, it bears the same relation to his ideal "that an ape does to a man"—the Opera, from its very origin, has had before its eyes the union of dramatic poetry with music, dancing, painting, architecture. Now wherein lies "the fundamental faultiness of the operatic *genre* as such," in which Wagner finds the ideal of a dramatic Art work, after which the greatest minds are striving, not at all provided for (*voorbereitet*)? It lies, in his opinion, in the insignificance of the drama (*libretto*) furnished the musician by the poet. The poet, so he tells us, found before him certain definite musical forms, which he thought he had no right to disturb,—forms, whose narrowing influence held him back from all significant creation, and indeed would not suffer "really great poets" to occupy themselves with Opera. "The ideal perfection of the Opera depends upon an utter change of character in the part the poet takes in the Art-work"; the poet's own striving to work ever more purely and immediately upon our feeling must bring him at last to the limit of his "branch of Art"; "hence the poet's most successful work must needs be that, which in its last perfection becomes wholly music."—"The ideal subject-matter must be found in Mythos; and only the uncommonly rich development, wholly unknown to earlier centuries, which music has attained in our times" renders the execution of the Art-work possible.—In this, to be sure merely hinted, course of thoughts lies the strength and the weakness of the Wagner views.

Is it possible that a poet should make a dramatic work of Art, which in the highest sense of the word shall be *devoid of music*, if he follows without hindrance, freely, his poetic inspiration? Plainly it is not possible; you may emancipate him from all regard to so-called musical forms, still he must limit himself to those regions which contain feelings also expressible by music. Can the musician, when he sets about the composition of an opera, proceed with the same freedom, only restricted by

the nature of the laws of music, as in the composition of a Symphony? Certainly not; he has to satisfy the inward and the outward dramatic requirements, and must put the *purely* musical criterion aside. We see, it is an alliance of two powers, which, to be able to work together, are compelled to make mutual concessions. To determine the measure of these concessions is the very question at issue, which has so often agitated men's minds since the times of Gluck. Divested of a mass of empty phrases and incidental details, it forms the kernel of the Wagner question which has set so many pens in motion. But the true answer of this question is only possible through works of Art, not through æsthetic battling with words.

To invent a drama, in which the conflicts are for the most part limited to such as proceed from the world of feelings; whose action moves with such "considerate speed" as to keep the sympathy of the audience alive, without thereby forbidding the music to unfold itself with all its necessary breadth; whose poetic dialogue, in fine, does not express so much as to render the music superfluous, nor so little as to render it impossible; whose diction is not, either by its exceeding beauty or its flatness, the despair of the composer,—that is indeed no easy, but at the same time no hitherto unsolved problem. And it is no easy task for the composer, while he seeks to give true expression to every situation, every character, every word, and to the tone of feeling of the drama as a whole, not to sacrifice the musical beauty of his work, and in doing all this for the poem, not to come too near to its art. The objection which Wagner makes to Opera as it has been (certainly in all too many cases not unjustly) is, that the musician has required too great concessions, and that the poet has been quite too ready to grant them; the objection which we make to him is, that he, in the interest of the stage, has often wantonly gone counter to music and to the deepest conditions of its very existence. His followers may not grant the force of that; but we cannot admit that the most important operas hitherto produced, not only as it concerns their music, but their poems also, bear the same relation to his works (for only through these do we get at some sort of perception of his ideal) that "the ape does to the man"; and if on many sides so strong an opposition is waged against him, one of the chief reasons for it lies in the fanatical excess of many of his partisans, who seek to lift him to a height where he does not belong.

The individuality and geniality of Wagner consists above all in his many-sidedness. When he brought out his *Tannhäuser* in Dresden (then they were far from making him a sort of poetico-musical Messiah), every one who left the theatre was forced to say that, in spite of all he found objectionable, the frankest recognition belonged to the man who had thought out the subject-matter of this opera, had executed it both verbally and musically, and finally had re-

heard the work and put it on the stage so admirably. But from this to a union of the powers of a Shakespeare and a Beethoven in one head is a great step; and if every cultivated person owned that Wagner's power, in conception and execution, was above the reigning opera works in Germany, yet he could no more see in it a literary production of the first rank, than he could place the music, in spite of much that was interesting and effective, by the side of what our great composers have achieved; while in those parts, which many have exalted as the most important in it, one felt an imperfection rather than a progress. By this last I mean a frequent risking of the truly musical in favor of the declamatory, about which I must express myself more fully.

The theories of an artist have their first and deepest origin in the powers and tendencies with which he was born. We have seen that it was from the first a passionate bent towards the theatre, that filled Wagner, in which music only later found a place. The primitive, instinctive delight in the purely musical was wanting in him, however much he might be filled by the creations of a Beethoven. The "letter" now before us often enough alludes to this. The so-called "opera melody" he always treats with sovereign contempt, while on the contrary he raves about "infinite melody." But there is no infinite melody, and there are no special opera melodies as such; there are musical thoughts, which flow more narrowly or broadly, original or made to pattern, expressive or expressionless, trivial or noble. But a musical thought must have a recognizable form, if it is to unite character and sensuous charm in itself. In the wonderful joinery with which Beethoven combines his ideas, carries them out, repeats them in so many turns and changes full of life, Wagner may keep on finding "an idealized dance form,"—the fact remains, that the freest master was in just this so great, that he knew how to give his melodies a form as strong and firm as if they were cast in bronze. But a Beethoven movement is by no means "a single, closely connected melody," it is a concatenation and a working out of melodies into a consistent work of Art. That most original gift of musical invention, which was lent to all great musical geniuses, and which shows itself above all in the creation of such tangible motives as it were, is the weakest side in Wagner's talent. But it is ungrateful in him to say such bad things against "opera melody;" for it is to just those pieces in his operas, in which he has succeeded in giving melodies—opera melodies in fact—such as the Pilgrim Chorus and the Festival March in *Tannhäuser*, that he owes, after all, his strongest musical success.

(Conclusion next time.)

Von Bülow on Verdi and the Italians.

We are indebted to the *Musical World* for the following translation of the letter recently addressed to the *Augsburg Gazette* by Herr Hans von Bülow respecting Verdi's Requiem:—

The rapid succession of two musical events, to which may be attributed a more than local and temporary importance, has, this spring, kept some few tourists longer than they wished in the moral capital of Italy, which has, up to the present time—at least, as far as concerns musical matters—justified this flattering appellation; and, just as in its past

days of splendor, so in those of its present decadence, is still the musical capital of the most young and ardent kingdom. The first of these two events, the one for travellers from the north, and consequently for the writer of these lines, by far the more interesting, was the first performance in the Italian language of Michael Glinka's national Russian opera "Life for the Czar," given yesterday for the first time at the new Teatro dal Verme. This building is better adapted for the convenience of the spectators than for the diffusion of the waves of sound, the more so as this was the first time that the above most noteworthy opera, a classical work of its kind, had been represented beyond the limits of the Russian empire, in all the cities of which, where opera can be performed, it has for thirty-five years enjoyed a degree of popularity to which only the popularity of Weber's "Freischütz" in Germany is to be compared. The second event will be the monster performance, which will take place to-morrow, of the "Funeral Mass," composed at the request of the municipal authorities by Giuseppe Verdi, to celebrate the first anniversary of Alessandro Manzoni's death (22nd May, 1873), in the Church of San Marco, theatrically tricked out for the occasion. It is to be, as an exceptional case, executed under the direction of the author himself. The omnipotent corrupter and ruler of the artistic tastes of the Italians probably hopes with this Mass of his to sweep away the very last remains of Rossini's immortality, which gives umbrage to his own ambition. It is well known that these last remains consist at present in Italy of only Rossini's sacred music, the "Stabat" and the "Missa Solemnis," though even these works are but rarely performed for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen.

To render it impossible to perform any more in Italy Rossini's operas, such as "Guillaume Tell," "Il Barbiere," "Semiramide," "Mosè," etc., has been the object most successfully pursued by the Attila of the gullet for more than twenty-five years. His last opera in ecclesiastical costume will, after the first seeming compliment to the memory of the celebrated poet, be confided for three successive evenings to mundane enthusiasm in the Teatro della Scala, and then immediately set out, in company with the four expressly tutored solo singers, on its way to Paris, for the purpose of crowning the enterprise in that æsthetical Rome of the Italians. Some furtive glances into the new elucubration of the author of "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," have really not made us anxious to enjoy this Festival, though we cannot refuse the composer our testimony that he has taken pains with his task. Thus, among other pieces, the final fugue, despite many things worthy only of a student, of much that is insipid and disagreeable, is a work of such industry that many German musicians will experience great admiration at it. But, as a rule, the dominant style is that of his last manner, with which Vienna and Berlin have been enabled by "Aida" to become acquainted, a style of which a clever Viennese teacher of singing said: "that it was improved to its disadvantage." During our perusal of the somewhat voluminous arrangement for piano forte, we involuntarily recalled to mind the ingenious confession of the late Herr Gyrowetz, who, after his fancy and invention had abandoned him, declared that he was capable of dedicating his pen to nothing save music for the church and not for the theatre. But, in fine, the sad spectacle of the defeat suffered yesterday evening by Slavonic culture (and, speaking musically, we may say of German culture as well) rendered it impossible for us to attend in cold blood a triumph—and, moreover, an artificially prepared triumph—of Latin barbarism! It is to be hoped that in Paris Verdi's "Funeral Mass" will not be made the object of offers from the managers of German theatres, who, even from a business point of view, would do well, if only for a change, to turn their looks to the East rather than to the West.

The spectacle presented yesterday evening by the Italian theatrical mob, was, indeed, a repulsive spectacle. The result cannot be called an absolute failure; it was simply a scandal, but of a special kind. Milan, as we all know, is a little provincial Paris; mixed up with its Italian population are many foreign elements. Even yesterday evening, therefore, there was not wanting a considerable minority—all the Russians had agreed to meet in the theatre—who, independently of any patriotic feeling, and in the name of decency and intelligence, struggled with all their might against the bestial coarseness and hardness of hearing characterizing the Italian gamins of every class, and who, leading captive, now and then, by the charm of beautiful music, those who resisted them, obtained two or three slight vic-

tories. Thus, for instance, the brilliant overture, and the touching prologue of the last act—executed with as much correctness as spirit under the direction of that excellent conductor, Sig. Faccio, though the orchestra was too weak in the strings—were crowned with unopposed applause; the opposition allowed also the encore of the magnificent chorus with fugue in the introduction, and that of the exceedingly graceful duet between baritone and soprano, so national in its character, of the third act; finally, after the grand and moving scene in the fourth act, when the title of the opera becomes a truth, the very admirable representative of the protagonista, Sussanin, the French singer, Merly, and the Russian *prima donna*, Mad. Menschikoff, were repeatedly applauded. With so much the more zeal did the *sweet plebeians* lie in wait for the action on the stage as well as the asperities of the Italian libretto, to give the signal for a general scandal, though this did not exclude the observance of the abuse prevalent everywhere in Italy of persons conversing in a loud voice, of preventing their neighbors from hearing, and, at certain passages which stimulate their feelings, of accompanying, more or less in falsetto, the singer. Of such opportunities there was naturally no want.

The courageous lady, who, impelled by her patriotism to propagate Glinka's work, turned manageress, adding the most serious pecuniary sacrifices to indefatigable activity, was, of course, unable to foresee and combat all the innumerable obstacles which, one after the other, opposed the success of her bold undertaking, obstacles frequently concealed till exposed to view only when it was no longer possible to surmount them. It does not seem superfluous to record the name of this lady, which is no secret at Milan. She is Madame Alexandrina Gortschakoff, the daughter of General Menseukampf, and long a dramatic singer, in Italy and Russia, under the name of Santace.—she is the prophetic of Glinka. She never suspected that the second act, so extraordinarily rich in musical beauties, would, on account of a ballet insufficient for the corrupted eyes of the Milanese, be completely buried under noise, cries, hisses, and, in a word, a fearful caterwauling on the part of the spectators. Yet from a public at all educated we might have expected some indulgence for the Falstaff-like figure of the tenor, who compensated liberally by a fine voice and elegant style for his not over-pleasing appearance. But it was a pre-arranged matter: the work of a Russian was not to find hospitality on Italian soil, and it was right that a complete failure should serve as a salutary example against any analogous efforts at importation. All the means employed for this purpose were sanctified beforehand by the noble nature of the end in view.

In order that it may be understood by German readers, this assertion requires certain digressions and retrospective considerations, the more so as the extraordinary success obtained three years ago by Wagner's "Lohengrin" at Bologna awakened illusions as to the aptitude of the Italians to understand German music, and, generally, as to the possibility of giving a more serious and worthy direction to art among them—illusions which the writer of the present lines confesses, as an eye-witness of what then took place, to have shared.

To begin with the Bolognese. That they were by no means in earnest with their enthusiasm for "Lohengrin," they themselves proved most eloquently, by welcoming with a much larger dose of admiration one of the most terrible abortions of modern Italian music: "I Goti," by Gobati. The brief prosperity of their Teatro Comunale was exclusively owing to the energetic efforts of two men full of feeling for, and adepts in, art; Casarini, the Mayor, and that first of all Italian orchestral conductors Angelo Mariani—two men whose names adorn, alas, the obituary of last year.

The success of "Lohengrin," therefore, is as little to be reckoned an honor for the Bolognese, as the grandiose failure of the self-same opera is to be set down as a reproach to the Milanese. Not only as the centre of the musical trade of Italy, but, also as the seat of a conservatory, in many particulars highly respectable (masters of composition like Baccini, Frizzi, and Ronchetti; and a professor of the piano-forte like Andreoli, to say nothing of the excellent masters of the orchestral classes, would do honor to any school in Germany), and as boasting, moreover, well-trained orchestral performers and theatrical artists (also according to German notions), Milan never had in Bologna a dangerous rival.

The failure of "Lohengrin" in Milan was, to begin with, the result of its bad and incomprehensible execution, so that the firm of Ricordi (the publisher and manager for Verdi) had as easy a game as the

firm of Lucca (publishers of Wagner's works) had had with a success based upon a most carefully prepared performance; but the success or fall of an opera in Italy is, in a great measure, dependent on the arts employed by one of the firms of Lucca and Ricordi. Mercantile interest decides, like the judges of the highest Court of Appeal, the fate of a musical production. In this matter, the most important auxiliary factors are *Comorra* and *Campanilismo*—true fruits of the South. Their names cannot be translated, and the meaning of them it would take too long to explain. These factors are put in operation, with more or less ability, by Italian traders in music. The whilome mania of the Bolognese for Wagner was really, however strange it may appear, no more than an act of vengeance of the *Campanilismo*, a punishment for Verdi, because he refused to gratify their ambition of hearing "Aida" performed at Bologna before any where else in Italy.

With regard to Glinka's opera, there did not appear at first any obstacle to its natural success. To begin with, the composer died as far back as 1857; there was, therefore nothing to excite the feelings of envy and jealousy so incredibly powerful among the Italians. Mme. Gortschakoff had not ceded the Italian copyright to either of the two editors, and had thus avoided rendering one of them an enemy of the author. On the contrary, special circumstances recommended the 'barbarian' to the sympathies of Italians, circumstances which the most influential interpreters of musical intelligence had not failed to bring under the notice of the public, by means of biographical notices, and the quotation of favorable French opinions (such as those of Mèrimée and Berlioz—the quotation of German opinions would have produced an opposite effect). In his youth, Glinka resided for four years at Milan; it was at Milan that he formed friendships with artists then living, and that he zealously devoted himself to study the art of Italian singing, at that period (1830) still worthy of being studied—the excellent result of his application being plainly proved in every page of his work—and, at the same time, he made himself favorably known by some few small productions published by Ricordi; in a word, he had sufficiently legitimized himself as a 'non-barbarian.'

As the brutal fact has demonstrated, these calculations were erroneous. The virtuous gracefulness with which, for the last fifteen years, the Italians have accepted from foreigners every political benefit is changed into the most repulsive hostility, when we come to benefits in the field of intellect, art, and aesthetics. 'We will not be foreignized,' they are accustomed to say—perhaps with a humiliating consciousness of their own ignorance and impotence, which shudders with rage at the sight of any imposing superiority. For France alone, to whom principally they owe the corruption of their taste, do they make a benevolent exception. Even the rude masses follow in this particular, as though instinctively, the example set by an antinational aristocracy, who are not ashamed to substitute for the music of their own beautiful language an ungrammatical governess's French, and to rush to witness the most insipid French comedies performed by the dull French companies of the lowest class continually inundating Italy, while, on the other hand, they take no notice of the literature of their own country, nor of their much better known and more polished works of the same kind. The so-called half cultivated class in Italy is not a cultivated class at all, because, perhaps, too poor to educate itself; it cannot, therefore, supply from its ranks a theatrical public, being so deeply affected by *chauvinism*, that in an international exhibition of *chauvinism*, it ought to gain the first prize without competition.

The person, therefore, who gives the tone to the theatre, the sole arena of public life, since sacred, orchestral, and chamber music—the elements of the two latter would have first to be created—absolutely do not exist for Italians, and, when met with in the country, are founded by, or for, foreigners, is the *birichino* of every rank and every age—aged gamblers are an Italian speciality—whose profession of faith is not limited to the maxim: *tant est permis, hors le genre ennuyeux*, but is pushed to its last consequence: *rien n'est permis hors le genre divertissant*, or, to be more exact, *le genre drôle*. When the spring of national vanity, for the love of which the *birichino* sometimes, though rarely, can be mistaken with decency, is not set in motion by singularly efficacious agents, the *birichino* considers the theatre—just as, according to Wagner's energetic expression, Italian composers take the orchestra for a monster guitar—as a gigantic *café chantant*, that is to say: the sole arena of public musical life is for

him only a place in which to give vent to his *birichino* tricks. As in the days of the Austrian yoke, things had not in this respect—and in many others likewise—fallen so low as at the present day, we are really embarrassed to know whether we should unhesitatingly congratulate the Lombards on their liberation, and the right they have gained of growing nationally savage a *piacere*.

A Brilliant Novel.

(From the Daily Advertiser.)

"Alcectis" is a rare novel, refined and strong in conception and artistic in execution. The interest of the reader is excited at once by the preface, which recalls the burning of the Dresden Opera House a few years ago, revives many of the memories of the great performances there, and closes with this introduction to the story:—

"In its blaze had perished instruments dear to many a veteran; and precious manuscripts accumulated through past centuries, and saved from other ruins and stored up here, though forgotten by the world. Nothing remains to us now of many of these creations, but once they were endowed with power to live and stir men's hearts; long ago they died to all modern requirements, but here the old scores remained as witnesses of their gentle composers. Such a score was that of Josquin Dorioz's opera "Alcectis," whose history I write. It once contained the life of two lives; it was heard with delight for many years by thousands; four years ago the last witness of its existence was devoured by fire. Perhaps the recital of its story will yet make a few wish that they had known it, and then the writer will feel that it is not told in vain."

The book opens with a scene in the Hof-Kirche at Dresden, where the boys and girls of the court choir are having a lesson in the twilight of a long spring day, from the famous Adolphus Hasse, the popular composer of Saxony, the capellmeister at Dresden, an authority in music, and something of a tyrant to his pupils, among whom were the hero and the heroine of the story, Josquin Dorioz and Elizabeth Vaara. Josquin was a beautiful, impulsive and capricious creature, the son of a French artist-mother, who was both poet and violinist, and of a German nobleman who loved music as a pleasure, and meant, after his young wife died, to give his only son a musical education, but to keep him an amateur, never allowing him to dishonor the family by making art his profession. But he, too, died, and the impulsive child was taken to the great family mansion and given unto the care of high-born and conventional aunts, who took away his violin, and made his life so wretched that at fifteen he ran away, found his way to Dresden and drifted among the kindest and most generous of artists there, who shared with him the best they had of shelter, food, instruction and work. Here he became a pupil of Hasse and a companion of Liza Vaara, who was tall, vigorous and dreamy; with a great, noble face, masses of short, fair hair and a soul of perfect purity. She was like one of the powerful angels in the old pictures, with her massive frame, her earnestness and her wonderful calmness and innocence. Her life and Josquin's were woven together for joy and for sorrow.

They lived in the old Kloster-haus among kindly people, who helped them and loved them; they worked hard, lived simply, dreamed lofty dreams and were happy. All this is a lovely picture, most exquisitely painted. Here the boy "was properly appreciated, as well as wholesomely neglected, which he had never been before; taught first lessons of the necessity of work, fed on goodly canons and counterpoint pure, nursed by lofty fugues, watched over by the Gothic saints of an old church, where he sang daily in the choir; above all he made strides in violin playing." After some time he became chamber musician to the Count Lichenberg, a musical fanatic; he lived in the Count's family, worked very hard, had admiration and society and found there the disturbing element of his life, Cecile Lichtenberg. They loved each other; he with the ardor of a great heart and an artist's nature; she with the selfish calculation of an ambitious woman, who must marry a prince. All through these years the author discriminates delicately and accurately between his hero's love for Cecile and his love for Liza; he truly loved them both, but the love for Liza was calm and constant; she was the health and contentment of his life, and loved art as he did. For Cecile he had a great passion, which shook his very life, and her heartlessness almost ruined him.

At the count's villa Dorioz made a friend of the private secretary, a monk; they read classical plays together, and Josquin first learned to know the Alcectis. The monk proposed that together they should use the story for an opera, he writing the libretto and Josquin the music. He did, in fact, write the libretto, but then came the siege of Dresden, and the count carried his musician away first to Italy and then to Vienna;

The musical and social life of Vienna is so pleasantly described, and the hero is so made a part of it all, that these chapters have a great charm. Josquin was flattered and successful, but he was not happy; he longed for the art life of Dresden, for the old capellmeister and his vivacious wife, who had once been a great singer, and had many triumphs; but most of all he longed for Liza, whom he called his sister, and whose glorious voice and admirable training had, during his absence, made her the favorite singer in Dresden. His life in Vienna had not been good for him. "He had been brought in contact with the world, with an unfair share of its praise, too little of its substantial sympathy; he had constantly poured himself out all these years; he had carried others with him into a land of dreams; he had stood up often in the room, with the eyes of all men and women there upon him, and he had given himself to them, but he had had no real friendship." But in this time of weariness he heard Gluck's "Orfeo ed Eurydice," and it was a fresh inspiration to him. This was in 1762, when all Germany was alive with enthusiasm for Gluck, and the account of his performance at Vienna is full of spirit and excitement as if it were told by a spectator of the scene.

Back to Dresden Josquin hurried, and saw Liza the last night of the opera; he rejoiced in her success, in her greatness, in her repose, in her health. She sang as if she were good, and he saw the loveliness of goodness. In her true nature he might find peace. He worked nobly; encouraged by Liza he established popular concerts, which had never before been known, in the little theatres of the suburbs and the gardens. Liza sang there once, and such singing never was heard before; the pages that tell of it make one's pulses thrill. The crowd at the concerts was dingy and smoky, but there was music in it, and at once an understanding sprang up between the young violinist and his hearers. Sunday after Sunday he played to them. At first he played familiar airs, and then he led them up to Bach, Handel and Haydn, and brought forth all his treasures, new and old, sure of their appreciation. Gradually other listeners came, artists and amateurs, from the world of fashion, and this polite element increased at every concert. Into this happy life the disturber came again. Cecile was once more in Dresden, Dorioz was again her slave, and Liza learned to know the secrets of her own heart and theirs. In tears and anguish Josquin finished his opera of Alcectis. His constant friend, the wife of Hasse, was earnest in her approval of it; the critical capellmeister would not commit himself to praise; but at their house the artist met one day a stranger, middle-aged, calm and lofty, who fascinated him as he never had been fascinated before. Josquin played to him, and then the wonderful stranger played, and Dorioz cried out in transport, "It is the Ritter Gluck." It was indeed he, the object of Josquin's idolatry; he took the score of the Alcectis, and returned it with warm approval.

Then Josquin and Liza lived for but one thing: the performance of his opera. Alas for their hopes! the new court-director had wooed Liza and wooed in vain. Madly jealous of Josquin he rejected the opera for Dresden, and used his influence in Vienna till it was rejected there. It had been put in rehearsal, and brought to the very verge of public performance, that the insult and disappointment might be all the more crushing to the composer. The young artist was dying. He did not love Liza as she loved him; he did not know how she loved him; he only knew that he rested on her great, true heart, and her sweet faithfulness. She knew how his life was bound up in his work; she knew its power; she felt that success would make his last days joyous, perhaps prolong his life. She had studied the character of Alcectis as the composer himself had studied it,—more deeply, even, for she had so filled her heart with love and renunciation that she had become another Alcectis, and the path of her own self-sacrifice was plain to her. She offered herself as a sacrifice, and was it on the altar of art or of love? The Alcectis was performed, Liza appearing in it for the last time on the stage. Josquin drank deep of joy and artistic triumph, and

then was hurried away to softer skies, never to return; never to see Liza again. That the greatness of her renunciation might be perfect she kept it secret from Dorioz. Not till he had left Dresden was her grand sacrifice known, and her friends kept faith with her, and never told him, it would have clouded his happiness, and she meant that his happiness should be as pure as she could make it. She took up her own burden calmly, and walked in the path which she had chosen, outwardly a path of honor, but to her weary and barren.

Such is the outline of this story, which has for a motto, "So love was crowned, but music won the cause." We have no space to dwell on the noble and peculiar character of Liza, which is carefully drawn and well sustained. The book is full of details interesting in themselves and admirably arranged; and the story moves steadily on to the final triumph and tragedy, to the last grand scene, and then the curtain falls.

The book is published anonymously. The style is good, but there are several instances of careless English and of foreign idioms which suggest a translation, or the hasty work of a writer to whom several languages are equally familiar.

Musical Novelties.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

Music seems to be taking new developments in every direction, not only through changes in its forms, but through the introduction of new orchestral combinations, new instruments, and even new materials for instruments. Besides virtuosi of every nation playing music of every kind, we have been visited this season by bands of popular musicians, male and female, calling themselves at will Hungarians, Scandinavians, but by preference Russians; Russia and things Russian being just now very much in fashion. Some of these bands affect queer and so-styled "national" instruments; while others content themselves with the strings, wood and brass of the ordinary European orchestra. On the whole, the effect of recent importations has been not precisely to discredit national music, but at least to reduce it to its proper value. The proper way to test the worth of foreign and unfamiliar melodies performed by men of uncouth appearance, in picturesque or, it may be, absolutely grotesque habiliments, is to consider what the effect would be of these same melodies played by a tolerably good quadrille band in ordinary black clothes.

Besides orchestras of the picturesque, characteristic and national kind, endeavors are sometimes made to tempt the public by means of orchestras whose members are distinguished by some personal peculiarity, such as that of being blind; and an experiment is actually in progress for ascertaining the amount of attractiveness belonging to an orchestra composed, almost exclusively, of ladies. The "ladies' orchestra," or "dames' orchestra," as it is styled in the language of the advertisement, comes from Vienna; and we had already, before its arrival in London, given some account of this curiously constituted band on the strength of a lively description published by Mme. Carla Serena in her interesting "Lettres d'Autriche." Without going back to the sisters Milanollo, it is sufficient to name Mme. Norman-Nérada to show that ladies can become very perfect violinists. Mme. Nilsson, too, is known to have studied the viola; and if her playing was marked by anything like the precision and delicacy which characterize her singing she must have been a consummate mistress of her instrument. It was not, however, until the formation of the "Orchestre des Dames Viennoises," as the band in question is also called, that a number of ladies were heard playing together, under a lady's conductorship. We cannot say that to us there is anything very strange in the coöperation of female musicians. Women have danced together from time immemorial; they have sung together, almost since the first invention of the operatic chorus; and there is surely nothing very astonishing in their combining to form an orchestra. The phenomenon, however, if not surprising, is at least new. Never until now was such a thing heard of as an orchestra of ladies. They have been the main supports of opera; for, apart from chorus and ballet, there have been no such prominent nor such attractive figures on the operatic stage as prima donnas and prima ballerinas; but they have hitherto preferred to keep on the stage side of the footlights.

Descending into the orchestra, they now open to themselves a new career; which, however—owing less to their "subjection" than to the difficulty of learning to play well enough for orchestral pur-

poses and to the little profit derivable from orchestral playing—they will probably never enter in very large numbers. Men who, after aiming at the highest instrumental honors, fail to reach them, subside as a matter of course to the position of teachers or of orchestral players, or they combine the two functions. Women, however, who after making the attempt find themselves unable to attain any distinguished position as solo performers, either become teachers or return altogether to private life. It must be remembered, too, that the only instrument studied by women is the piano, or, now and then, in instances which become rarer every day, the harp. Our orchestras are full of violinists whose early ambition was doubtless to gain distinction as soloists; and it would be quite possible to form a large assembly, though not an orchestra, of lady pianists, whose hopes of becoming pianists of celebrity have been destined to remain unfulfilled. Until, then, it becomes the fashion for ladies to play the violin as now they play the piano, a "ladies' orchestra" will still continue to be a great rarity. The orchestra, however, of Viennese ladies is something more than that. It is really a well-composed, well-trained band. The execution is less solid than brilliant; but it is thoroughly satisfactory, and very effective indeed in the waltzes and polkas which these ladies have brought with them from Vienna, the true birthplace of such things.

We said at the beginning of this article that, besides new orchestras and new instruments, instruments of new materials had lately been introduced; of materials, too, as unfitted, one would think, as could be well imagined for musical purposes. Catgut, wood, metal, parchment have long been laid under contribution by the makers of musical instruments; and now some ingenious Italians have formed a small but tolerably complete orchestra in which the instruments are made of stone. The so-called "stones" are not of natural formation, but are composed of terracotta. In shape they resemble kidney potatoes, and the stone to which the highest part is assigned is about the size of an average-sized potato, while the largest, which does the duty of ophicleide or bassoon, is about as large as a large water melon. The stones are pierced longitudinally and played like pipes, keys being formed by lateral piercings. Astonishing, but not altogether beautiful, effects are derived from a combination of seven "stones," the chords being not unlike those of a somewhat harsh-toned harmonium. The performers, moreover, on the soprano and tenor stones play with remarkable fluency and even expression (the other stones supplying the accompaniment) operatic airs with variations and melodies of all kinds. Signor Donati, the organizer of this strange band, has done more than find "sermons in stones;" he has discovered the art of extracting from them genuine music. His success throws new light on the story of Amphion. The stones which followed that extraordinary virtuoso on his celebrated musical progress may have wished to be converted into musical instruments.

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The "Summer Concerts" have presented some new features. First, they are given, not as formerly, in the Handel orchestra, but in the concert room, where we are accustomed, during the autumn and winter months, to hear the very best performances of the best music that can be heard in England. This season the Summer Concerts have assumed the form of what, in familiar language, is termed "National"—the programme of each concert being exclusively devoted to music, which is, or is supposed to be, the product of some particular country. Whenever conductors or managers resort to this expedient, time out of mind has shown that they are pretty sure to fail. The only failures ever known at the Monday Popular Concerts, since the Monday Popular Concerts became more or less of a necessity for that section of the musical public which could get a little further than a "cavatina" sung at an Italian Opera-house, by—we wont say an Italian "prima donna," because, just now, *bona fide* Italian singers are at a discount, but by a "prima donna" *quand même*—were the so-called "Italian" Nights, "French" Nights, and "English" Nights. Well, if "Italian," "French," and "English" Nights don't answer, what are we to expect from "Russian" and (pass the phrase!) "Scandinavian" Afternoons. The fact is that music, like any other form of art, is a universal lan-

guage, and—the national dances and people's songs excepted (even they, for the most part, of doubtful origin)—belongs specially to no country. If it were otherwise, who would care for Scandinavian music?—or, for the matter of that, for Russian music, which, though not Scandinavian, is much of the same color? Neither the Russians nor the Scandinavians have as yet exercised any marked influence on the art. Russia has produced Glinka. But what is Glinka? The overture to *Ruslane and Ludmilla* might have been written by the smallest of French composers; while the fantasia, "Kamarskaja," built upon "national" (?) airs, is of the flimsiest texture. Such things have appeared over and over again, and been passed by, as ephemeral, having no durable stuff in them. Of Glinka's opera, *Life for the Czar*, the failure of which at Milan excited the unrestrained indignation of Dr. Hans von Bülow, we wish to say nothing. It is a "national" opera—nothing more; and, if it were anything else, the most staunch of philo-Russians would scarcely think of holding it up to admiration. A feebleness, indeed, assuming to be a grand opera, is not in existence. Glinka's isolated songs can hardly be styled "national," according to the general acceptance of the term. They are not Russian; they are Glinka's.—*Mus. World.*

The scheme of illustrating national music during the summer concerts was further carried out on Saturday last, when the programme comprised a selection from Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish composers. The concert commenced with Gade's overture, *Im Hochland*, of which we have more than once spoken, in reference to its performance at Crystal Palace and Philharmonic Concerts—and the closing piece was an interesting overture to the opera entitled *Elverpigen (the Elf-King's Daughter)*, by Emil Hartmann—a Danish composer of much repute in his own country. In all probability future opportunity will occur for speaking of this overture when more favourably placed than at the end of a long concert. A charming Scherzo from a symphony by Herr Svendsen (of Christiania) produced so good an impression that the entire work to which it belongs can scarcely fail to find a place in one of the programmes of the forthcoming Autumn and Winter concerts of the Crystal Palace. Herr Svendsen's name had before been made known in this country by the performance of his instrumental ottet at one of Mr. Coenen's concerts. The most important piece on Saturday was the pianoforte concerto of the Norwegian composer, Edvard Greig, which was finely played by Mr. Dannreuther. The programme also included Herr Gade's cantata, *Spring's Message*, for chorus and orchestra. Vocal solos were contributed by Mdle. Holmberg (a first appearance), Mdle. Enequist, and Herr Conrad Behrens; and national part songs were sung by the Crystal Palace Choir. Mr. Manns conducted, as usual.

To-day's concert will illustrate the "quaint and humorous" in music.—*Ibid.*

BERLIN.—The death of HERR PAUL MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY—at Berlin on the 21st of June, after a very protracted and painful illness—demands a word of notice, not only because he was the last survivor of the family of four of whom Felix Mendelssohn was so illustrious a member, but also for his own sake. He was born in 1812, and was therefore three years the junior of his great brother. Through life nothing occurred to interrupt their perfect friendship; and after Felix's death, if Herr Paul's interpretation of his brother's wishes led him, rightly or wrongly, to oppose the publication of his musical remains, we have at least to thank him for the two volumes of letters which he edited, and which, in their way, form a collection of symphonies, overtures, quartets, and *Lieder ohne Worte*, as characteristic of their author as his music itself. Herr Paul was always a lover of music, and his quartet parties were renowned in Berlin. In earlier life he played the violoncello; more than one of his brother's pieces was written for him, and it is hardly an idle fancy to trace the prominence which the violoncello occupied in Mendelssohn's orchestral scores to an early affection for his brother's instrument. He inherited the splendid collection of Beethoven autographs which Felix had found, and the writer can testify to the liberal and unsuspicious way in which he allowed these priceless treasures to be examined and extracted. These he presented very shortly before his death to the Imperial Library of Berlin. He had also at one time the manuscript sketch of Schubert's Seventh Symphony (in E), but this he very generously presented to Mr. Grove, late of the Crystal Palace, in whose possession, we believe, it still

hold the hos - tile god - less against Thee arise?

With - in Thy ho - ly tem - - - ple

they scorn Thy sac - ri - fice.

sempre f e con fuoco.
with - in Thy ho - ly tem - - - ple they

scorn Thy sac - ri - fice, And treat us as in - sane, Thy

peo - ple who a - dore Thee!

How long, how long, O Lord, shall

How long, how long, O Lord, shall

How long, how long, O Lord, shall

we who bow be - fore Thee, See the god - less a-

we who bow be - fore Thee, See the god - less a-

we who bow be - fore Thee, See the god - less a-

we who bow be - fore Thee, See the god - less a-

SOPR. I. SOLO.

Tell us why, they say.....

gainst Thee arise?

gainst Thee arise?

gainst Thee arise?

f p *f* *p*

.... stern vir - - - tue should be re -

gard - - - ed? Should all..... the de - lights we

prize,.... Be dread - ed and dis - card - ed? What has

ALTO I. SOLO.

God done for you? O be wise! Re - joice! ex - claims..... the frantic

throng: Cher - - ish mirth, and ban - ish

sad - ness! Bring gar - - lands, o - dours; let the

lyre The dance in - spire, A - wake the

song, And fill our hearts with glad - ness! None can

remains. His taste in pictures was very good, and his home contained some very fine specimens by living painters. Painful as his illness was, he remained conscious to the end; and one of his last acts, after taking leave of his family, was to be carried to his garden, which he had made out of the desert sand of Berlin, and was fondly attached to, to take a last farewell of that also.—*Academy*.

HERR FRANZ BENDEL, the pianist, died of typhus at Berlin, on the 3rd ult., at the age of 41.

Some idea of the abundant provision for theatrical and musical entertainments in the Prussian capital, even during the dog-days—(in striking contrast with our Boston!)—may be gathered from the following:

The Royal Operahouse and the Theatre Royal are, it is true, shut, and will remain so up to the middle of next month. But the Berliner cannot, for all that, complain of any dearth of theatrical amusement, as there are theatres galore still open to them. Mdle. Zeigler, a tragic actress of great talent, is playing at the Wallner-Theater; Herr Strampfer's Viennese company is doing good business at the Victoria-Theater; a company from Hamburg are playing in Low German at the Woltersdorff-Theater; performances are given every day at the Vorstädtisches Theater, and the Luisenstädtisches Theater; the Reunion-Theater; the Variété-Theater; the Belle-Alliance Theater; the Wallhalla-Volks-Theater; Puhlmann's Vaudeville Theater; the Berliner Prater; and the Belle-Vue-Theater, are well patronized by their respective publics. In addition, there are two circuses in full activity. At Kroll's Theater, a young lady named Mdle. Pappenheim has been exciting great attention as Leonore in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, which has lately been performed several times. Mdle. König is "starring" for a short period at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, where she will shortly be succeeded by Herr and Mad. Albin Swoboda. In the Winter Theatre attached to this establishment, the complete company from the Court Theatre at Meiningen recently played for six weeks. The Duke himself ran all risk, which cannot have been trifling, considering that the company comprised 55 persons, and that every one's salary was doubled during the visit to this capital. Nine large waggons were needed to transport the scenes and dresses, not one of the scenes having been painted before the Duke had furnished the design with his own Ducal pencil. Some idea may be formed of the popularity achieved by the company here, when it is stated that Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* was performed no less than twenty times by them.

From the *Signale* we gather the following summary of a year's work at the Royal Opera House in Berlin. From Aug. 15, 1873 to June 9, 1874, there were 209 operatic performances, 202 of which were in the German language, and 7 in the Italian (under the direction of Sig. Pollini, with Mdmes. Artôt, Derivis, Urban, Abelli, and Messrs. Marini, Padilla, Bossi and Manni). These performed Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, *Rigoletto*, and *Traviata*; Norma, *Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Don Pasquale*.

The repertoire of the 202 German performances was composed of 39 different works by 22 composers. The two novelties were *Aida* and *Die Mönkgruter*. *Lohengrin* was given 12 times; *Freyshütz* and the *Huguenots* 10 times each; *Faust*, *Troubadour*, and *Tannhäuser*, 8 times; *Hochzeit des Figaro*, *Belmonte und Constanze*, *Prophet*, and *Tell*, 7 times; *Fidelio*, *Meistersinger*, *Barbier von Sevilla*, *Judin*, *Dame Blanche*, *Zauberflöte*, 6 times; *Iphigenie in Tauris*, *Africaine*, *Mignon*, *Hamlet*, "Merry Wives of Windsor," *Aida*, *Czar und Zimmermann*, 5 times; *Robert le Diable*, Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," *Stradella*, "Joseph in Egypt," *Wasserträger*, *Jessonda*, *Don Juan*, *Mönkgruter*, 4 times; *Fra Diavolo*, *Martha*, and Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," 3 times; "Masaniello" twice; and *Euryanthe*, *Maurer* (Auber), *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Nachtlager in Granada*, once each.

The different composers figured in the following proportion:

Wagner,	29	evenings,	in	4	works.
Meyerbeer,	26	"	"	4	"
Mozart,	24	"	"	4	"
Rossini,	13	"	"	2	"

Verdi,	13	evenings,	in	2	works.
Gounod,	12	"	"	2	"
Weber,	11	"	"	2	"
A. Thomas,	10	"	"	2	"
Flotow,	7	"	"	2	"
Auber,	6	"	"	3	"
Beethoven,	6	"	"	1	"
Halévy,	6	"	"	1	"
Boieldieu,	6	"	"	1	"
Gluck,	5	"	"	1	"
Nicolai,	5	"	"	1	"
Lortzing,	5	"	"	1	"
Méhul,	4	"	"	1	"
Cherubini,	4	"	"	1	"
Spohr,	4	"	"	1	"
Radecke,	4	"	"	1	"
Kreutzer,	1	"	"	1	"
Donizetti,	1	"	"	1	"

VIENNA.—During the past season of 1873-74 (a season of ten months) 53 operas and 11 ballets were performed at the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna. Meyerbeer furnished 47 performances; Wagner, 47; Verdi, 31; Donizetti, 28; Gounod, 27; Weber, 25; Thomas, 20; Mozart, 17; Halévy, 10; Bellini, 8; Auber, 8; Nicolai, 8; Rossini, 6; Beethoven, 5; Schumann, 5; Gluck, 3; Lortzing, 3; Marschner, 2; and Flotow, 1.

WEIMAR.—Concerning the first representation of Herr R. Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, at the Grand-Ducal Theatre here, a writer in the *Magdeburger Zeitung* says: "The house was filled to the last seat. The Friends of the Music of the Future had flocked in from Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin, Hamburg and Petersburg on the Rhine; nor were its opponents absent. The performance was admirable; Herr and Mad. Vogl from Munich, who sang the two principal parts after which the work is named, were unusually good, both musically and dramatically. Our local artists were quite on a level with their artistic visitors; this is especially true of the members of the band, who, under Herr Lassen's direction, executed their difficult task in a masterly manner. The highly effective first act, so dramatic in its treatment, made a deep impression, and the audience called on the performers and the conductor with tumultuous enthusiasm. The lengths in the second act, and the third, appeared, on the other hand, to exert an unfavorable influence and to weaken the enthusiasm for the opera, though not that for the splendid efforts of the performers."

ITALY.—Twenty-two new operas by Italian composers were produced during the first half of 1874. They were: *Il Re Manfredi*, by Sig. Montuoro; *La Moglie per un Soldo*, by Sig. Migliaccio; *La Contessa di Mons*, by the Cavaliere Lauro Rossi; *Tripilla*, by Sig. Luzzi; *Edita di Belcourt*, by Sig. Obiols; *Maso il Montanaro*, by Sig. Caracciolo; *Carmela*, by Sig. Del Corona; *La Capricciosa*, by Sig. Valensin; *La Rinnegata*, by Sig. Reparez; *I Litviani*, by Sig. Ponchielli; *La Cacciata del Duca d'Atene*, by Sig. Bacchini; *Salvator Rosa*, by Sig. Gomez; *l'Idolo Cinese*, by various authors; *Don Fernando*, by Sig. Zubiare; *Bianca Orsini*, by Sig. Petrella; *La Fanciulla romantica*, by Sig. Piaggio; *La Sposa di Messina*, by Sig. Bonawitz; *Maria Stuart*, by Sig. Palumbo; *Mariulizza*, by Sig. Cortesi; *L'Ultimo degli Abencerragi*, by Sig. Pedrel; *Il Figlio del Signor Sindaco*, by Sig. Rispoli; and *Don Fabiano dei Corbelli*, by Sig. Camerana. Four only were undoubted successes: *I Litviani*, *Salvator Rosa*, *La Contessa di Mons*, and *Bianca Orsini*. One, *Il Re Manfredi*, was a failure. All the rest were tolerably successful.

ST. PETERSBURG.—With what gratifying success and with what true love for art the domain of good music is being extended, and its understanding advanced, is most clearly shown by the last report just issued of the Union for Chamber Music. This institution, founded by Herren Eugen Albrecht and Franz Hildebrandt, Imperial Chamber Musicians and admirable violin virtuosos, was opened on the 17th November, 1872. The results achieved the very first year surpassed the most sanguine expectations. After the deduction of all expenses, there remained a balance of 2,400 roubles. The thirteen concerts given were attended by 1,241 persons. There were performed 56 works by 23 different composers, 8 of the said works being written by St. Petersburg artists—Rubinstein, Faminzin, Homilius,

Von Wilm, and Affanasceff. The Union numbers altogether 146 members, of whom 2 (Rubinstein and Maurer, still a sturdy violinist) are honorary, 63 active, and 81 passive members.—The concerts are given in the hall of St. Peter's School, very conveniently situated on the Newsky Prospect, in the middle of the town. The hall is lent gratuitously. MM. Becker; Herrman and Grosseemann; and C. Schroder, the three most celebrated firms of piano-forte makers here, have offered to place, also gratuitously, as many of their pianos as are needed, at the disposal of the Union for each concert.—It appears from the highly interesting programmes, which are drawn up without the slightest partiality, that young composers of merit have not been neglected for the classical masters. At every concert, at least one modern composition was given. Bach is represented by grand works, some of which are not often performed, 4 times; Handel, 3 times; Haydn, twice; Mozart, 4 times; Beethoven, 9 times; Boccherini, once; Schubert, 3 times; Mendelssohn, twice; Schumann, 3 times; Brahms, twice; Gade, 3 times; Rubinstein, 3 times; Svendsen, Raff, and Grädner, twice each; Lachner, Volkmann, Würst, and Grieg, once each. The good taste and variety which are displayed in the programmes, and which necessarily keep alive the interest taken in the Union by the public, might be everywhere advantageously imitated.—*New Berliner Musikzeitung*.

A NEW SOCIETY IN LONDON.—The following are the rules of the new "Society for the Study of the Art and Science of Music":—

1. This society is intended to be similar in its organization to existing learned societies.
2. The members will consist of practical and theoretical musicians, as well as those whose researches have been directed to the science of acoustics, the history of the art, or other kindred subjects.
3. The society will hold its meetings on the first Monday of every month, from November to June, at 5 o'clock p.m., when papers will be read and discussed as at other learned societies. These papers may treat of any subject connected with the art or science of music.
4. Experiments and performances may be introduced, when strictly limited to the illustration of the papers read.
5. Papers and communications will be received from, or through, any member of the society.
6. Reports of the proceedings will be distributed to the members and will be published.
7. It is not intended that the society shall give concerts, or undertake any publications other than those of their own proceedings, and the papers read at their meetings.
8. The election of members will be by ballot.
9. The management will be vested in a committee to be annually elected by the members of the society.
10. The annual subscription to the society is one guinea.—*Mus. Standard*.

CRITICISM? Here is a specimen of a peculiar vein which the London *Musical World* seems to find great fun in working:

At her second (let us hope not her last) "Piano-forte Recital," in St. James Hall, Madame Annette Essipoff, the young and gifted Russian pianist played a variety of compositions with wonderful spirit, finish and brilliancy. The programme comprised a *Toccata* of J. S. Bach's, Tausiged by the late Carl Tausig; Chopin's *Nocturne in C minor*, and "Berceuse;" Ferdinand Hiller's delicious romance, "A la Guitare;" and Herr Leschetizky's "Papillons," one of the most sparkling and original of "studies." Herr Leschetizky is happy to have composed such a study, and to possess a wife who can make it sound even more charming than under any less sympathetic fingers it could possibly sound. To these Madame Essipoff added the well known "Carnaval" in which dear Robert Schumann earnestly attempts the "style burlesque" so utterly antagonistic to his nature; a *Barcarolle* (why "Barcarolle"? by Anton Rubinstein; a *Gigue* by J. S. Bach (happily not Tausiged, nor Liszted, nor Rubinsteined, but simply J. S. Bached); a *Chant Polonoise* by Liszt—"d'apres" (a long way "d'apres") Chopin; an "Intermezzo" (why "Intermezzo"? by Dr. Hans von Bülow, which, thanks to the admirable playing, was encored; and a *Valse* (why "Valse"? by Gospadin Anton Rubinstein, one of the most elephantine, rhinocerosian, hippopotamusian, mammothian, behemothian, kra-

konian pieces of dance-music (Polythems, the one-eyed, could alone have danced to it with anything like nimbleness) we ever heard.

All these pieces were played in such absolute perfection by Madame Annette Essipoff, that we hope to see her lithe and fairy fingers one day (not long hence), busy with music of a very different character. In those fingers dimples can be detected—as in the chubby cheeks of cherubs. Let them, then, skip over Liszt, Rubinstein, Bülow—three-headed Cerberus, whose hunger vats of sop can barely satisfy,—and dwell Essipoffically (which means gently, caressingly, expressively, touchingly, nonathenæumistically, broadwoodistically) on that lovable Mozart—of all living creatures on record the most absolutely musical. (Awast!—R. Wagner), &c., &c.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 8, 1874.

Music in Harvard College.

II.

The theoretic instruction, described in our last, has been continued through a third year (to the middle of June, 1874) with still stronger evidence of diligence and of intelligent and earnest interest on the part of both instructor and pupils. The number of students who chose these "electives" hardly exceeded the small limit of the year before. But the course was extended into a third class, who have entered somewhat deeply into the mysteries of *Canon* and of *Fugue*; and who have also made some practical beginnings in the art of *Instrumentation*. This class, to be sure, has consisted of only two pupils, who had completed the musical course of the first two years with distinction, and who appear to have exceptional aptitude for such studies. Proof of this was shown in specimens of their very first attempts in the composition of two and three-part Fugues, both on given subjects and on subjects of their own invention. And each of the two young men has shown, as the last fruit of his efforts in this field, a four-part Pedal Fugue, which would do credit to many a professional musician.—In *Instrumentation* they have acquired some knack of scoring, not only for the quartet of strings, but also for wind instruments, and for the combination of the two in the full modern orchestra. One of the young men had scored (for full orchestra) an "Introduction," on original themes, which excited so much interest that he was moved to expand it into a sketch of a full Overture, showing a good apprehension of the uses of the various instruments in combination and in contrast, as well as good intrinsic musical conception.

But these cases must be regarded as exceptional. It is very doubtful, considering the moderate amount of time which college undergraduates can give to any portion of this branch of study, whether it is worth while to try to cover so much ground. For *Instrumentation*, especially, without an orchestra, or hardly any means of practical performance, trial, illustration in the college, there can be opportunity for but the slightest skirmishing in so vast a field; and, beyond the probability that these few exercises will naturally dispose the young men to listen with a more analytic ear to orchestras hereafter, we cannot see much gain to be derived from them. At least the time they cost would seem to be more needed for a firmer grounding in the preceding studies. We be-

lieve the Professor is convinced of this, and has concluded to drop instrumentation from the course hereafter.

The second, or middle, class (three pupils) has occupied the ground held the year before by the advanced class of which we have just been speaking: that of *Imitative Counterpoint* and the *Musical Forms*. Judging from their written exercises and examination papers, their time has not been thrown away upon it. Besides original efforts in the Rondo forms, &c., they have been constantly exercised in the analysis of masterworks, sonatas, &c., of Mozart, Beethoven and others. Among their later exercises we were well impressed by their trial of their and at the composition of two-part "Inventions" (after the model of some of Bach's smaller piano works),—a form well chosen, it would seem, to serve for a good stepping stone to the first efforts of the third year in two-part Fugues. That there should be more or less of crudeness in these efforts,—more or less of staggering in such first attempts to walk alone, is natural enough; and yet they are encouraging.

The class of beginners (four students) have devoted what time they could afford to musical studies to what must be regarded as the fundamental and, for some time to come, by far the most important stage in this whole course, to wit: the grammar and syntax of music, *Harmony* and *Plain Counterpoint*. Again there has been found in this class (so we learn from the examining committee) a fair understanding of the principles of harmony, modulation, suspension, organ-point, &c., &c., and more or less readiness in filling out the harmony of figured basses, and in harmonizing chorals;—and yet it would seem desirable to be still more at home in these things before proceeding to the more complex problems of the advanced classes. Perhaps this class affords the fairest measure of the results of such instruction for the average talent. For the small amount of time which most undergraduates, amid so many other studies, can command for music, which after all is but a side study for young men in their situation, this class has certainly achieved enough to warrant further effort in the same direction; but do they not, to lay a sure foundation for the higher branches, require at least another year in *Harmony*?

Admitting the advantage it may be to a musically inclined young man to be led step by step quickly up to a commanding height for a survey, however brief and general,—even a mere bird's eye view—of the whole field of music; hailing it as a true sign of progress in our old University, that it can offer such an opportunity, even for only two young men, to penetrate as deeply as they can into the principles and practice of so inexhaustible an Art, we still feel it a fair question whether, under the conditions of the college life, and for the good of all the students who may care to study music, it is quite wise to undertake to cover so much ground? Would it not be just as well, or better, to spend more time on the foundation, lay that thoroughly, and leave much of the superstructure (art of Fugue and all that) as an extra study for the few who show exceptional capacity and calling for it?

And then another question,—the one which

probably suggests itself most readily to every one:—cannot something more be done to make the study, and the practice too, of music more attractive to a much greater number of the college students? Can they not be brought to unite in choirs and choruses, either by themselves or in coöperation with other (mixed) voices, under the direction of the Professor, or of his assistants (for such a corps he ought to have), in the actual trial and performance of some of the practicable masterworks of vocal composition? Cannot good music be brought home to them through frequent hearing? Instrumental music as well as vocal; music in all those classical forms which the handful of young men in the theoretic classes have been studying? Cannot some provision be made whereby good "Chamber Music," at least, the string quartets, piano trios, &c., of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., may form part of the vital atmosphere of college, winning the young men generally to a true love and taste for what is so refining and inspiring? In one form, to be sure, the young men at Harvard have a great advantage, in the opportunity to hear masterly interpretations, such as their professor can afford them, of the noble Organ music of Sebastian Bach and others. An orchestra they cannot very well have; but what better service could wealthy music-loving friends of Harvard do to culture, than to provide the means whereby the students may attend some of the Symphony Concerts, Oratorios, &c., in the neighboring city? And would not Alma Mater be a still kindlier and wiser mother if she allowed her children a fair share of hours in the curriculum for simply hearing the best music? And this too with the advantage of a musical professor to prepare them for the hearing, so that they may know how to listen and what to listen for, and follow it up afterwards with suitable "improvement."—Something in this direction we believe Mr. Paine does design to organize next term in the shape of a new class (a fourth "elective") in the *History* of music, with such practical illustrations as he may be able to command. This bids fair to interest a considerably larger number of students, some twenty of them having already signified their intention of joining such a class.

Meanwhile the practice of music as an art,—or at least a social recreation,—has been left entirely to the College Clubs, for whom no musical instruction is provided, but who follow their own tastes under leaders of their own selection. Of these another time.

The Piano-Forte.

Because the fleet-fingered, wonder-working virtuosos have sought through the Piano merely to astonish, where the proper end of music is to please, to give expression to the feelings; because they would fain make its key-board speak through all its length at once, and do the work of a whole orchestra,—are we to forget its humbler and more genuine services to Music? Are we to forget that there are such works as Beethoven's Sonatas, Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, Chopin's fiery inspirations and delicate dreams of sentiment, and so many products of the purest poetry of sound, written expressly for the piano, inspired in most cases by the piano, as the fingers, wandering over its keys, have wove from them pregnant response to thoughts and feelings in the player's soul? Who shall say that much of the purest essence of musical thought, the choicest wine of musical inspiration, is not found in such works, written for and discoursed from the vibrating strings of the Piano?

To say that the Piano gives you something of everything in all kinds of music, but not the whole of anything, that it rather sketches and suggests than fills out and realizes great effects of harmony, and so forth, is not necessarily a reproach. There is a point of view, from which this very property of the Piano, this universal, or vulgarly

speaking, *Jack-of-all-trades* serviceableness, becomes a very valuable virtue. In a piece of music, we are to consider not *effect* only, but also *intrinsic character*. The latter indeed should be placed always first; it is the essence of the thing; the intrinsic character of a composition remains unchanged whether it be played on one instrument or on another, whether it be perfectly or imperfectly performed, whether it be fully brought out and realized with all possible effectiveness to the sense, the ear, or only sketched to the understanding so as to convey the idea of its whole possible effect to the sympathetic soul, that meets its intention half-way, and only so can truly enter into the spirit of a composition, be it ever so sensuously, vividly or grandly rendered. It is this intrinsic character of the composition, this musico-poetic form and meaning, which the intelligent listener wants chiefly to get at. He can spare some breadth, some large sonority, some richness of orchestral coloring, some sensuous satisfactoriness of tone, if he can only get at the essential characteristic of the work, trace it back to where it sprang from the composer's mind, find the live Beethoven or Mozart in it, and make intimate, intelligent acquaintance with that, with the beauty of the design, with the spirit and tendency of the work, the real value of its subject, the logical, artistic unity of the whole as it develops into the "express image" of the thought that prompted it. Now it is just here that the Piano-forte becomes invaluable. If it cannot sing, if it cannot prolong and swell a tone, if it cannot do the duty of an orchestra, if there is a limit set both to the volume and the brilliancy and the duration of its sounds, which, somewhat angrily awakened by percussion, explode and lose their being almost instantaneously—still it can give you such a sketch of any, the largest composition, that you may perceive and feel its design as you may that of a great painting through an outline engraving.

To a partial extent, a practiced reader may gather the character and merit of a composition from the printed score. But still the ear craves to actually hear something. The imagined tones are tantalizing till they become embodied and are heard. And there is musical tone enough in a good piano to aid the imagination most essentially in this process, and thoroughly to quicken the perception of that residing in the music which may not be heard. To amateurs, to those who are but very partially musicians, in a word to the great class of music-lovers, it is an inestimable help to the understanding and enjoying of a great symphony or overture, to try it over in the intervals of public performance on the piano at home. No matter how thin the arrangement, one will thus seize on the essential features, and make them doubly his own, fix them in the memory, so that he will know what he is listening to the next time he hears the orchestra.

The Piano is a convenient master-key to all the treasures of Music. It enables you to bring them all home to you, without waiting for the rare and remote chances of having them displayed before you in all the breadth and brilliancy of a complete performance. It gives them on a reduced scale to be sure, in miniature, yet so that you can find out what they are. As princes marry by seeing the portraits of their brides, so through the medium of the Piano, by a mere bungling reading, even, which cannot be called playing, you may soon find out how far you may fall in love with a famed far-off miracle of Art.

Thus the common objection to the Piano-forte on the score of its tempting facility for shallow imitation of all kinds of music, though not without its truth, still overlooks a large part of the whole truth. In condemning the abuse of a thing, let us not forget its use. We have here seen one great use of our much abused parlor instrument. When we add the real musical satisfaction of hearing legitimate Piano music played upon it, compositions which do not at all fall into the category of the virtuoso school, but which belong to the pure poetry of the Art; when we add its beautiful accompaniment to the voice, whereby a Schubert may invest a melody with more characteristic, genial, sympathetic clothing, than he could do by any other instrumental mechanism, except on the large scale; when we consider the means of expression contained in its infinite shades of accent, of loud and soft, and its cooperation with our most sensitive and subtle faculty of touch,

whereby the soul, musically excited, shoots its volitions to the finger's ends with lightning-like rapidity, and with nice fidelity to every shade of energy of impulse; when we consider all the uses and properties of the Piano, there certainly does seem to be enough good and legitimate about it left to offset all the mischief done to Music by the whole dazzling crowd of modern virtuosos. While Beethoven remains, are we to judge the Piano only by the Lisztian standard? Rather let us comfort ourselves that Thalberg and Liszt seem to have reached the extreme in their direction, and that Piano-playing henceforth, in order to make progress, must come back to the starting-point of truth and nature, and begin again with a more modest aim and method.

Richard Wagner on the Sex of Music.

We allude in our last article on Wagner's theory, to his habit of expressing the relation between Music and Poetry by making Music the feminine or passive principle, and Poetry the masculine or active. Here is his own way of putting it, which we have translated from his "*Oper und Drama*."

Music is a woman.

The nature of woman is Love; but this love is the receptive principle, which in receiving yields itself without reserve.

Woman acquires full individuality only in the moment of yielding herself up. She is the water nymph, the Undine, moving soulless through the waves of her cool element, until through the love of a man she first receives a soul. The look of innocence in the eye of woman is the limitless, clear mirror, in which man recognizes only the universal capacity for love, until he can perceive his own image in it: when he has once recognized himself there, then the universal susceptibility of woman is concentrated into an urgent necessity of loving him with the omnipotence of the most zealous and entire devotion.

The woman that loves not with the pride of this entire devotion, does not truly love. A woman who does not love, is the most unworthy and repugnant object in the world. Let us produce the characteristic type of such women!

The Italian Opera music has with striking truth been called a *Courtesan*. She can boast of always remaining herself, never sacrifices herself except it be for a personal pleasure or a personal advantage. She relinquishes the proper individuality and pride of woman, and gives herself away entirely in the general.

The French Opera music justly passes for a *Coquette*. The coquette eaves to be admired, nay loved; but her peculiar delight in being admired and loved is only a delight to her when she herself feels neither love nor admiration for the object in which she inspires both. The gain she seeks is pleasure in herself, the gratification of vanity; that she becomes admired and loved is the enjoyment of her life, which would instantly be clouded the moment she herself should feel love or admiration. Were she in love herself, she would be robbed of her self-satisfaction, for in love she would necessarily have to forget herself, and devote herself to the painful, often suicidal pleasure of another. Hence there is nothing against which the coquette is so much upon her guard, as love, so that she may keep unmoved the only thing she does love, that is to say, herself. Accordingly the coquette lives from thievish [sic] egoism, and her vital energy is icy coldness. In her womanly nature is perverted to its repulsive opposite, and from her cold smile, which mirrors back to us only our own distorted image, we turn round in despair perchance to the Italian pleasure-maiden.

But there is still a third type of denaturalized women, which one absolutely shudders to behold: it is the *Prude*, for which the so-called German Opera must pass.

By German Opera I do not mean the opera of Weber, but this modern phenomenon, the more talked about, the less it has an actual existence, as the "*German domain*." The peculiarity of this opera consists in this: that it is a thing invented and manufactured by those modern German composers, who cannot consent to compose to French or Italian texts, which is the only thing that hinders them from actually writing French or Italian operas; and so they console themselves with the proud imagination that they can bring to pass something altogether peculiar and select, inasmuch as they know music more of music than the Italians and the French.

To the courtesan it may happen, that the unselfish glow of love may suddenly kindle within her for the youth whom she has captivated,—think of "the God

and the Bayadere!"—to the coquette too it may chance some day that she, who always plays with love, becomes herself ensnared in this same play, and in spite of all the resistance of her vanity, sees herself taken in the net, and weeps over the loss of her will. But never will this fine touch of humanity occur to the woman who watches over her own spotlessness with orthodox fanaticism of faith—the woman whose virtue upon principle consists in ignorance of love. The prude is brought up by the rules of prudence and reserve, and from her youth up has heard the word "love" pronounced only with shy embarrassment. Her heart full of dogma, she steps forth into the world, looks shyly about her, observes the courtesan and the coquette, beats her pious breast and exclaims, "I thank thee, Lord, that I am not as these are!" Her vital power is reserve, her sole will the annihilation of love, which she knows only as she sees it in the nature of the courtesan and the coquette. Her virtue is the abstaining from sin, her works unfruitfulness, her soul impertinent superciliousness. How near this very woman is to the most loathsome of all predicaments! No one needs to be reminded of the conventicles of holy nuns and the venerable communities, in which the flower of hypocrisy has blossomed! We have seen the prude fall into every vice of her French and Italian sisters only with the crime of dissimulation superadded, and, alas, without a particle of originality!

Turn now from this hideous type and let us ask, what sort of woman shall true Music be?

A woman, that *really loves*, places her virtue in her pride, and her pride in her self-sacrifice,—that self-sacrifice, with which, while she receives, she yields up not a part of her nature, but her whole nature in the richest fullness of its capacity. But to produce joyfully and gladly what she has received,—that is the deed of woman,—and to achieve deeds, woman needs to be only *entirely* what she already is, and to will nothing else: for she can will but one thing,—namely to be Woman! Hence the Woman is to the Man the ever clear and intelligible measure of natural infallibility; for she is the most perfect when she does not overstep the circle of beautiful spontaneity, within which she is confined by what alone has power to bless her life, by the necessity of love.

And here I point you again to that glorious musician, in whom Music was entirely that which she has power to be in man, when she is in the fullness of her nature Music, and nothing else but Music. Look at MOZART! Was he any the less a musician, because he was wholly and entirely a musician, because he could and would be nothing but a musician? Look at his "*Don Juan*!" Where has music ever attained to such infinitely rich individuality, and had power to characterize all so surely and precisely in the richest, most exuberant fullness, as here, where the musician, true to the nature of his art, was not in the least degree anything else, except an unconditionally loving woman?

MUSICAL NOVELS.—The unknown author of "*Alcestis*," one of the most charming volumes of Henry Holt & Co.'s "*Leisure Hour Series*,"—whether he be Englishman, or English-speaking foreigner—is evidently a musically cultivated person, and his story is a work of art in a high sense. We copy on another page the *Advertiser's* abstract of the story, and sympathize entirely in the praise which it bestows upon the book. It is all genial and true to life until the tragical conclusion, at which our moral sense revolts. Alcestis dying for her husband, in the Greek mythology, is all very well; but when this modern Alcestis is made to marry the wretch she hates, to induce him to bring out the opera of the youth she loves, we feel as if the doctrine of renunciation were pushed too far,—even to the confounding of moral distinctions.

Messrs. Estes & Lauriat are, we are glad to learn, reprinting the novels of Elizabeth Sheppard. This we learn from the *Springfield Republican*, which says of them:—

They are very singular books, full of an intense personality throbbing behind the screen of the story, without a moment's intrusion of the author, however, with any direct reflection or opinion. The first and best, "*Charles Auchester*," is written in autobiographic form, and all its characters are personages of musical distinction. The narrator is Joachim, the famous violinist; the hero, "*Seraphael*," is Mendelssohn, and Zelter, Jenny Lind, Mendelssohn's sister Fanny, and others are drawn in colors that make them live before your eyes, and it is hard, in reading their real histories afterward, to

divest one's-self of the feeling that Charles Auchester's story was the true one, it is so idly perfect. "Rumor," the volume we have now before us, has Beethoven and Louis Napoleon for its central figures, while Disraeli and other great and small notables are dramatic personae. The task of presenting Beethoven is audacious to attempt. He appears here as incarnate pride, yet with the completest self-sacrifice, and if the picture is less satisfactorily done than Mendelssohn's, it is because the elements are so complex, and the influence so mighty. It certainly was an audacious idea to introduce the great composer and Louis Napoleon upon the same scene, and, still more, to make them rivals in love; but, if Miss Sheppard failed in it, she failed magnificently. The book contains some notable poems; one, a version of the "Adelaide," is a striking interpretation of passionate love dreams. These books, and "Counterparts," which are nearly all Miss Sheppard wrote, base their style on Mr. Disraeli's gorgeous novels, as she tells him in a dedication. All that America knows of this novelist is due to an *Atlantic Monthly* article written by Harriet E. Prescott, about 15 years ago.

The *Orchestra*, a weekly paper chiefly devoted to music, which was for some time the property of Messrs. Cramer & Co., has ceased to exist, though its name will continue in a monthly magazine, to be edited by Dr. Gauntlett, who was one of the chief contributors to the paper.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

The *Musical Standard* is sorry to see an excellent musician descending to advertisements in the style of the following:—"Mr. W. H. Holmes's Second Pianoforte Concert, St. James's Hall, July 10. Mr. W. H. Holmes will perform Mozart's overture, 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' and Beethoven's overture, 'Men of Prometheus.' Considered as rival overtures. The 'Men of Prometheus' has a short introduction commencing on a discord, and as the immortal Dickens says, 'looking nowhere for the key,' which is not decided until the fifth bar, when it seems to say, you see I am in C. When the overture was first performed, the critics of the day felt the hard knock of beginning on a discord, and gave poor Beethoven many hard knocks in return; in point of fact, the then music of the future had a pretty life of it."

Verdi is desirous of having his Manzoni Requiem performed in England, and has been in London with that object in view. It is credibly reported that he was at the Handel Festival. He came, it is stated, *incognito*.

According to the New York *Eco d'Italia*, "the future star of the lyric stage in Europe and America, a star predestined to eclipse Patti, Albani, and other vocal celebrities, is a fair young native of the Sandwich Islands, who belongs to a family of cannibals. When a child, she lived, like all her fellow-countrymen, on human flesh. Being afterwards brought up by English missionaries, she manifested so irresistible a passion for music, and was, moreover, possessed of so phenomenally high a soprano voice, that she was instructed in singing, and made marvellous progress therein. She will shortly leave Honolulu for Milan, in order to complete her musical education. She has a short and poetical name: Kurukapapy Kapkakukirukiriky, which means: 'the solitary sparrow.' Not a bit; it means: Bunkum.—*Loud, Mus. World*.

WORDS FOR MUSIC:—In his pamphlet on Richard Wagner, Mr. Dannreuther says:—"Mozart, the supreme musician, produces his best music there, where the poet has given him a worthy chance, and has risen a little above the ordinary libretto groove. Mozart possessed more than any other musician the subtlest and deepest instinctive knowledge of the nature of his art; he knew for certain that it was an art of expression only, of the sublimest and most perfect expression, skill of expression, and nothing beyond. To his honor be it said, it was impossible for him to make poetical music if the poetical groundwork was null. He could not write music to *Titus* equal to *Don Juan*, to *Così fan tutte* equal to *Figaro*. Good music he always wrote, but beautiful music only when he was inspired. His inspiration certainly came from within, but it never shone so bright as when it was lighted from without." The object of the remarks is to sustain Wagner's theory that music simply "evolves flower and

fruit from out of seeds furnished by poetry." Mr. Dannreuther makes no reference to *Il Flauto Magico*, because that would have upset his argument. So far from being inspired by Schickaneder's ridiculous book, Mozart was unquestionably hampered. Yet, as we have said, he wrote music the supreme test of which is that it survives association with the words. What becomes, then, of the doctrine that the poet supplies the seed which the musician develops? Granting its truth, we must also allow—in the matter of *Il Flauto Magico*, at all events—that it is possible to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles.—*London Times*.

A new biography of Schubert, the work of Herr A. Reissmann, has appeared in Berlin. It is said to contain a good deal of new matter, the result of enquiries among those of the master's old friends who are still living.

CHURCH ORGANS IN SCOTLAND.—In nothing is the slow but steady progress of Scotland in art culture shown more than in the decline of the old vulgar antipathy to instrumental music in the Kirk. In the recently published *Journal of Lord Cockburn* we are told, says the *London Orchestra*, that the late Dr. Ritchie, afterwards Professor of Divinity in Edinburgh, spent nearly ten years in vain trying to get a good organ, that somebody had given him for the purpose, into his church in Glasgow. He first, after some resistance, got it up near the outer door, where it stood, dumb, for several years; then, in the pretense that it was spoiling, he, but with greater resistance, got it advanced into an aisle, where it remained, scowled at, for a few years more. At last the occasion of making some repair in the interior of the church was taken advantage of, and when the congregation reassembled they saw something fixed on the inner wall, but carefully veiled. It was soon discovered to be the abominable thing. The blood of Presbytery rose. The doctor stood firm. The law was only against playing the organ, which he had never done. Ay, but the horror was of the organ, because it may be played, and because it once was played. Its very presence reminds us of the Scarlet Woman, the Boot, and Tam Dazell. So it came to the General Assembly, where I heard it discussed many a year ago. The result was, that for the ease of tender consciences the instrument was marched out. In every case the innovation has been accomplished only after a hard struggle against fanaticism; but Scotland now is generally coming round, as far as regards her large towns.

A GERMAN VIEW OF IT.—The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (Leipzig) is astounded at the programme of our late Handel and Haydn Festival, which it considers "altogether too rich and indigestible even for American ears!" But then in its list of the works performed the orchestral things of Liszt, Raff, Berlioz, &c., look as big as the Oratorios. Nevertheless the criticism is by no means unreasonable. After summing up ("6 Oratorios, 2 smaller choral works, 14 Arias and Songs, 19 Symphonies, Overtures and other orchestral works, and 4 Organ compositions, in 6 consecutive days," the writer adds: "*Beatus ille qui procul fuit!*"

OPERA NEXT WINTER.—The *Home Journal* tells us:—Already Mr. Strackosch gives indication of what he intends to do for this city next winter in the line of Italian opera, and we have learned that his promises, unlike those of London Managers, are made to be kept. Mlle. Heilbron, who has won success in Paris, will be the *prima donna* in place of Madame Nilsson. Mlle. Dinadio has been engaged, and three new tenors, M. Darillier, Signor Dabassini, and Bonfratelli. The other artists are Miss Cary, Signor Tagliapietra, Signor Del Puente, *primi baritoni*; Signor Fiorini, basso; and Signor Nannetti, basso. The chorus will number one hundred and fifty, and the orchestra one hundred. Among the works which will be brought out we have the promise of "Fidelio," by Beethoven; "Le Prophète," by Meyerbeer; "Rienzi," by Wagner; "Romeo et Juliet," by Gounod; "Don Carlos," by Verdi; "Così fan tutte" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," by Mozart; and "William Tell," by Rossini; and Verdi's *Mass*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Base Ball Song. 2. B♭ to e. Bullock. 30

"For peer or peasant, man or boy,
This game to none can yield."

That's true enough, and since the compass is not great, so a "First Base" may reach it, and the pretty melody is such that any one may "catch" it, it should be adopted by Base Ball players.

Kittie McCree. Song and Cho. 2 D to d. Ludwig. 30

"Oh! why do you bother me, Kittie McCree?
Haunting me nights with your eyes of blue."

Jolly Irish song.

The Carrier Dove. 4. E♭ to g. Cowen. 50

"I've brought thee a leaf and a whisper,
From o'er a boundless sea."

Quite a highly wrought concert song, and with proper expression should be effective.

Conspirators' Chorus. "Madame Angot." 3. C to g. Lecocq. 30

"Il faut avoir perruque blonde,
Perruque blonde, perruque blonde."

French words are in the whimsical fashion of French witty saying, and amount to "If one would be a conspirator, one should wear a blonde wig." English words are also given.

One happy Year ago. 3. A♭ to e. Gatty. 30

"I sit me down lamenting,
Awhile the tear drops flow."

Very pathetic and beautiful.

Now I go. (Good bye). 3. C to e. Warren. 30

"But away with idle dreaming,
Let my heart be light as thine."

A lover's good-bye, in sweet musical fashion.

Spring. (For Guitar). Song and Cho. 2. A to e. Riviere. 30

Universally popular.

Instrumental.

Dauntless Waltz. 4. D♭ Evans. 30

One needs to dash into this with a "dauntless" feeling, as it has octaves, chords, sharp staccatos and grace notes in abundance, and is in an unusual key. Thorough practice reveals a powerful and brilliant waltz.

Introduction, Bridal March and Chorus from 'Lohengrün.' 3. G and C. Pratt. 30

Melody of the introduction is in the left hand, and is followed by the agreeable Bridal March, which mingles with the chorus.

With us at Home. (Bei uns zu Haus). Waltz. 3. Strauss. 60

Played by Thomas' Orchestra, which is the best of introductions. The first waltz has a novel and pretty arrangement of minor chords.

2d Banjo. 6. G♭ Gottschalk. 1.50

One of those queer inspirations which Gottschalk's delicate fancy works up into a piece of high merit.

Caprice Polka. 6. A♭ Gottschalk. 1.00

One needs fairy wings to follow the caprices of this delicate artist spirit. Worth careful study.

Le Papillon. Duet. Voice and Piano. 6. B♭ to a. Gottschalk. 1.25

Well named a duet, although the voice has but one part. The accompaniment constitutes a fine piano piece, where airy changes flutter, butterfly like around the song.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

